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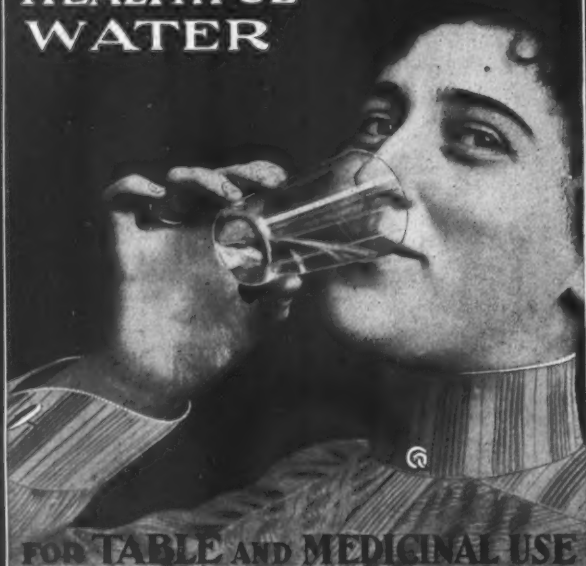
Dressmaker: I WOULD BE MUCH OBLIGED IF YOU COULD ADVANCE ME A LITTLE ON ACCOUNT, MADAM. I HAVE A LARGE DRAFT THAT I MUST PAY TO-MORROW.

"WELL, THAT'S COOL! YOU RUN UP BILLS AND EXPECT ME TO PAY THEM!"

Londonderry

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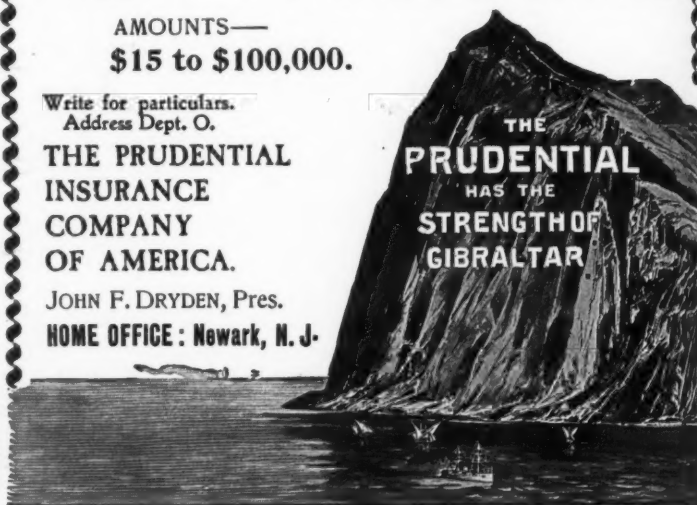
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"OH, ISAAC, AIN'T IT AWFUL?"
 "YES; BUT AIN'T YER GLAD NOW DAT WE DIDN'T BUY FUST-CLASS TICKETS, RACHEL?"

Violets.

FOR other girls the beauty rose,
 Rich with its regal splendor.
 For her, the sweetest flower that blows,
 Fragrant with meaning tender.
 For some the hyacinth and pink,
 Or pansies' velvety glory;
 But there's a little flower, I think,
 That tells a dearer story!

Like clustering thoughts the blossoms
 speak

Of happy words unuttered,
 When blushes bloomed upon her cheek
 And downcast glances fluttered,
 When in the dance her hand I pressed,
 In love's divinest folly.
 For other girls the rose is best,
 But violets for Polly!

'Tis not because the flower I prize
 For its dim purple sweetness,
 Like to the heaven of her eyes,
 Crowning my life's completeness.
 Her lightest wish my memory haunts,
 E'en though my purse regrets it,
 For Polly knows just what she wants,
 And usually gets it!

Douglas Dunne.

An Example.

"IT is hard work to estimate the
 benefits the Republican party has
 given the country."

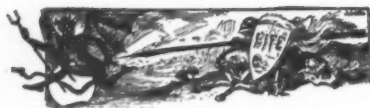
"I know it. Even Carnegie says that
 without it he couldn't have made forty-
 two million dollars a year."

BOLOMEN MOWED DOWN BY AMERICAN MAXIMS.

—Heading on despatch from the Philippines to
 the New York World.

THE American Maxims were probably
 Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty
 or give me death!" and General Grant's
 "Let us have peace!" or possibly that
 notable one of Theodore Parker's: "A
 government of all the people, by all the
 people, for all the people."

IN New York all roads lead to rum.



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XXXV. MAY 17, 1900. No. 914.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope.

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FRANCIS GILBERT ATTWOOD died on April 30th at Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts. Outside of the circle of his personal friends there was no company who knew him so well, or has so much reason to lament his early death, as the readers of LIFE. This paper had no earlier contributor than he, and none more constant or more valued. Its friends all know his work—its charm, its humor, its exquisite quality. They will undoubtedly miss it, and will share the profound regret of LIFE's editor that it has ceased. There was fun in it. It had an admirable finish and a charming fancy, but the quality in it which was rarest, and which, most of all, will make its loss irreparable, was thought. Attwood lavished thought on his conceptions as he lavished pains on the realization of them. His dealings with politics and current events were uniformly intelligent, informed and conscientious. His opinions were carefully formed, and his art was the unwavering expression of them. The love of truth was in him: to disclose it with all the force and all the accuracy he could was the lofty use in which it pleased him best to employ his talent. In him, whose calling may have seemed to be no more than to make men smile at cheerful imaginings, there was a devotion to his conception of duty that would have been admirable in a statesman or a preacher. It is our loss and our grief that he has died young, in the fulness of abilities which we were justified in hoping would delight and instruct us for years to come.

THE President and Fellows of Harvard University have invited one

thousand four hundred and fifty Cuban school-teachers to spend six weeks in Cambridge this summer and receive instruction at the Harvard Summer School. The invitation has been accepted. Two-thirds of the teachers are women. Very few of them are able to afford the cost of such a visit, and it has been arranged that they shall be at no expense. The War Department will bring them to Boston on government transports, and provision has been made to board and lodge, as well as to instruct them in Cambridge without charge. They are to be the guests of Harvard University and its friends, and seventy thousand dollars has been pledged to defray the cost of this admirable and intelligent hospitality.

Good for Harvard College! Good for Boston! Here is a phase of expansion that has no sting to it; that is wise and kind and full of the promise of benefit to all the parties to it. Our national contract with the Cubans, that in due time they shall govern themselves, is in no way prejudiced by such efforts as this to disclose to our neighbors the redeeming features of the imperfect civilization which we represent. That the Cubans should know us and that we should know them is to the advantage of both parties. That their school-teachers should get an understanding of our way of keeping school is also desirable, for our school system is pretty good, and Cuba may borrow from it to advantage.



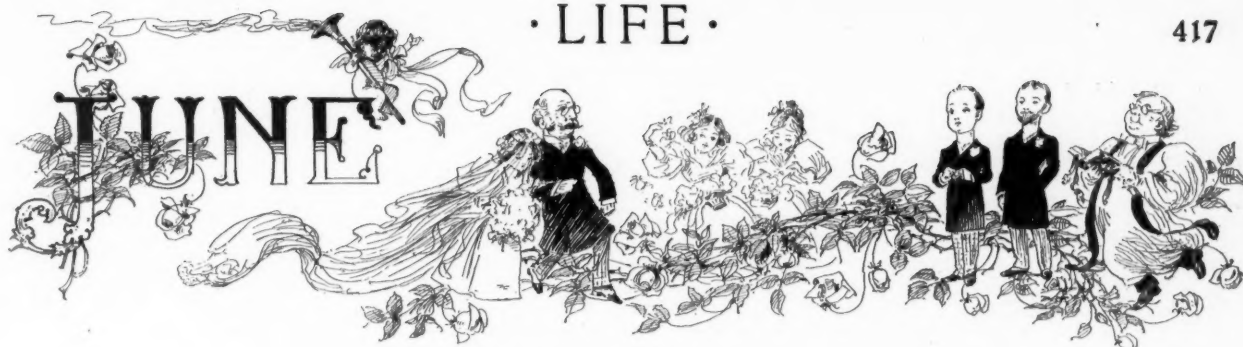
THE disclosure of the aspirations of Mr. J. M. Barrie, the British storyteller, to become a member of Parliament will interest his friends in this country. Why Mr. Barrie wants to be in Parliament is not quite clear. Perhaps he has a parliamentary novel in view; perhaps he thinks a course of blue books would put Sentimental Tommy out of his head, and that his appearance as a legislator would help to disassociate him in the public mind from that somewhat questionable character. It is conceivable that a real man might not care to be identified too closely with the unconscionable Tommy.

At any rate, Mr. Barrie's aspirations remind us that any Briton, even a storyteller, who has money in the bank, may

aspire to help govern the Empire. Would that a seat in Congress was equally accessible to American men of letters. Think what an edifying Congressman Mr. Howells would make, or Paul Leicester Ford, or John Fiske, and what a wholesome and agreeable change a period of legislative activity would afford to minds jaded with bookmaking. It is one of the drawbacks to entering the literary vocation that though a multitude of roads lead into it, very few that are at all attractive, lead out. The professorships of literature that are worth having are limited in number. Now and then a book-writer or a poet gets a diplomatic office, but not often. Some authors turn editors, but "business men" who are responsive to the demands of the market are apt to be preferred nowadays for editorial jobs. The common lot of authors is to go on writing to the bitter end. It is a pity that they are not in more request as Congressmen.



THE documents in the case of Captain Chadwick, who has been reprovved by the Secretary of the Navy for an exposure of his sentiments regarding the conduct of Admiral Schley, cannot afford very much satisfaction to the friends of Schley. Along with his reprimand Secretary Long gave out for publication Captain Chadwick's letter, explaining the mischance by which his sentiments got into the newspapers, and setting forth very explicitly what those sentiments really were. Captain Chadwick was the victim of misplaced confidence in a newspaper correspondent, and has suffered for it, but his sufferings have not been entirely in vain. Most of us have been disposed to run away from the Sampson-Schley dispute. We have not wanted it to be thrashed out. We have preferred that it should be smoothed over, whether justice was done or not. We shall all be relieved when the case is outlawed by the Statute of Limitations. Captain Chadwick does not feel about it as we do. A statement of his views amounts to an indictment. A statement of ours reads very like a confession. He seems to have the advantage of us, for in and out of season he has the courage of his convictions.



FRANCIS GILBERT ATTWOOD.



FATHER CHRISTMAS TO THE RICH.



— TAKING OUR PLACE AMONG THE NATIONS —

Ballad of the Trailing Skirt.

A I MET a girl the other day,
A girl with golden tresses,
Who wore the most bewitching air
And daintiest of dresses.
I gazed at her with kindling eye
And admiration utter—
Until I saw her silken skirt
Was trailing in the gutter!

"What senseless style is this?" I thought,
"What new sartorial passion?
And who on earth stands sponsor for
The idiotic fashion?"
I've asked a dozen maids or more,
A tailor and his cutter,
But no one knows why skirts are made
To drag along the gutter.

Alas for woman, fashion's slave;
She does not seem to mind it.
Her silk or satin sweeps the street
And leaves no filth behind it.
For all the dirt the breezes blow
And all the germs that flutter
May find a refuge in the gowns
That swish along the gutter.

What lovely woman wills to do
She does without a reason.
To interfere is waste of time,
To criticise is treason.
Man's only province is to work
To earn his bread and butter—
And buy her all the skirts she wants
To trail along the gutter.

Henry Robinson Palmer.

**Human Nature on Sea and Land.**

A BOUT the sea and shore sketches of W. W. Jacobs there is something of the grotesque exaggeration in character that suggests a disciple of Dickens. Human nature is plentifully evident and realism also, but the men and women move about in a world of their own, where the laws of farce-comedy prevail. You laugh at them and are entertained by them, but you never quite believe in them.

In "A Master of Craft" (F. A. Stokes), Mr. Jacobs plays with his odd and amusing sailor people in a delightfully irresponsible manner. It does not much matter who wins the heroine, the charming Poppy Tyrrell; all the fun is in the game of hide and seek that Captain Flower plays in eluding his other loves. That the elusive Captain loses the prize at the last is a sort of poetic justice for his jesting with Cupid.

The touch of sentiment is given the story by the delicate but awkward love-making of the Mate, Fraser, who wins the Captain's

sweetheart while trying to be loyal to his master.

The book is spun out interminably, and there are too many incidental and unimportant chapters (though one of these, giving an account of Mrs. Banks's call on Mrs. Church, is the most amusing in the story). Mr. Jacobs has strong talent for short, humorous sketches, but a continuous narrative gets away from him, and he is as garrulous as an old salt.

However, the spontaneous humor of it covers many faults of construction and some very dull interludes.

MRS. WHARTON'S short novel, "The Touchstone" (Scribner's), confirms the admirable impression of a finished style made evident in her book of stories, "The Greater Inclination." As "The Touchstone" is all in one vein, and that a very earnest one, the style has a freer opportunity to show what it can do in sustained narrative. It is peculiarly adapted to a psychological story, and its elaborate subtlety (which is also precise and clear) makes the delicate question of conscience, which is the motive of the story, a very real and significant thing.

The story might have been given a cynical ending, in accordance with the smart traditions of those who like to play with emotions. But with fine taste and in excellent keeping with a serious view of her work, Mrs. Wharton evolves an ending that is not only worth while artistically, but is emotionally true.

THE opportunities which come to a clergyman for observing human nature in unusual phases are utilized by the Rev. Bradley Gilman in a book of short stories, "The Parsonage Porch" (Little, Brown & Co.). His profession has not encrusted Mr. Gilman, and he is not afraid to be naturally humorous, or pathetic, or even dramatic. One of the tales, "Here Endeth the First Lesson," is, indeed, melodramatic, not to say lurid. The best of the stories are "The Misunderstood Dog," and "My Old Silk Hat." Altogether the volume is a modern clergyman's justification of being human.

Droch.

New Publications.

A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The Coming Democracy. By O. J. Smith.

We have seen nothing better, as a succinct statement of the defects of our political system, than this short and well-conceived book. Major Smith shows us plainly a Democracy that is not a Democracy.

Mademoiselle Blanche. By John D. Barry. London and New York. Second edition.



A NASAL TWANG.

A Woman's Paris. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

This little volume aims in a general way to give the woman visitor to Paris such information as will be useful to her.

Wuthering Heights. By Emily Brontë. And *Agnes Grey.* By Anne Brontë. With an introduction by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. The Haworth Edition. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

A Man of His Age. By Hamilton Drummond. New York and London: Harper and Brothers.

This is a French historical novel, written in French historical style, and has the usual French historical scenes and incidents.

The United States Naval Academy. By Park Benjamin. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This book treats of naval education, past as well as present. It is a good book, written by a man who has studied his subject, and it ought to be read by every Congressman, as well as his constituents.

A Guide to the Trees. By Alice Lounsberry. With an introduction by Dr. N. L. Britton. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Not the least interesting feature of this instructive volume are the series of colored plates by Mrs. Ellis Rowan. The author has done her part well. The book teems with information and interest from cover to cover.

The Parsonage Porch. By Bradley Gilman. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Touchstone. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Toomey and Others. By Robert Shackleton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Grip of Honor. By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

"HOW dare you, sir, take my daughter to see such an indecent play?"

"Well, sir, she said she wanted to go to the theatre."

The Man's Corner.

HEART TO HEART TALKS WITH LIFE'S
MASCULINE READERS.

By Harry Hubbard Hayer.

W. MCK., WASHINGTON.

Do you not think that you are rather premature in asking my advice in regard to your next winter's wardrobe? It is hard to tell so far ahead just what you may need—the climates of Washington and of Ohio are so different. I can advise you better if you will wait and write to me after the first Tuesday in November.

T. REED, NEW YORK.

Bangs will be worn low on the forehead this season.

J. BULL, SOUTH AFRICA, VIA ENGLAND.

The correct thing to do in an awkward situation such as you describe is to apologize and withdraw.

SENATOR C., MONTANA.

If you find you cannot buy the chair you seem to have fixed your heart upon, there are others less expensive, less conspicuous, and more comfortable which I could recommend.

MAYOR H., CHICAGO.

I am sorry that you did not ask my advice sooner about inviting the Spanish gentleman to your May Party.

W. J. B., NEBRASKA.

If you find it so hard to reform, why do you not try the gold cure?

TED R., ALBANY.

You are certainly wise, if not polite, to insist on keeping the chair you find most comfortable.

J. SIMPSON, KANSAS.

Striped socks will be worn this summer.

RICHMOND P. H., CARE U. S. NAVY.

Have you not found that the change of air which I recommended has improved that swelling in the head with which you were suffering so acutely?

G. C., PRINCETON.

Pay no attention to the patent medicine advertisements. If you think you are getting too stout, try exercise—running for office again.

Roselle Mercer.

Why He Was There.

SCENE: In the asbestos room. Satan receiving the latest arrival.

SATAN: Well, what do you want?

SHADE: I am Signor Encori, the tenor singer. I was doing a one-night stand in the West. and I have come down here by request.

An Explanation.

"ALL the world loves a lover," they say;

But I prove that untrue every day;

Whenever I try

For a kiss on the sly,

The world seems to get in the way.

And when Mabel goes walking with me,

The world says "Ahem!" and "Te-hee!"

It gives a sly wink,

And I certainly think

It's as horrid as horrid can be.

So that proverb is lacking in force;

I wonder what gave it its source;

But stay,—oh, I see!

Why, Mabel loves me!

And she's all the world to me, of course!

Carolyn Wells.

A MISHAP THAT BECAME A FAD.



"DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE HAT, OLD MAN! YOU'RE BREAKING THE FAT MAN'S RECORD FOR THE HUNDRED YARD DASH!"





hotel rates in the king's capital were doubled, to the satisfaction of his subjects. But there was the customary melancholy result; princes's heads got so common they were used for cobble-stones, and it was pronounced by experts to be the finest block pavement ever seen.

One day, however, a tall, gaunt, sallow individual presented himself, and signified, with a nasal twang, his intention of forthwith putting his majesty up a tree.

"Where are you from?" asked the king, curiously.

"Connecticut, U. S. A.," replied the man, proudly.

"Oh," said the king, beginning to look troubled. "Well, go ahead."

"What makes a novel successful?" demanded the man, briskly.

The king mentally reviewed the successes of the last few years, and sighed deeply. "Er—hum—ah—I guess that's one on me," he conceded, reluctantly.

"Why do we Americans retain confidence in the Republican party as it is at present controlled?" demanded the man, chuckling.

The king's lower jaw dropped with a thud against his breast. "The Lord only knows!" he groaned, helplessly. "No, no more of your cursed conundrums," he shrieked, desperately, as the man was again about to speak. "I give up. But, say," he continued, cunningly, "I'll go you doubles or quits. I'll bet you the rest of my family and kingdom against your winnings that you can't answer those questions yourself."

"Do you take me for a gambler?" demanded the man, severely, as he tucked the princess's hand under his arm and started in the direction of the treasury.

Alex. Ricketts.

The Heart of a Humorist.

THE following extracts are from a letter to the Secretary of the London Anti-Vivisection Society:

DEAR SIR—I believe I am not interested to know whether vivisection produces results that are profitable to the human race or doesn't. To know that the results are profitable to the race would not remove my hostility to it. The pains which it inflicts upon unconsenting animals is the basis of my enmity toward it, and it is to me sufficient justification of the enmity without looking further. It is so distinctly a matter of feeling with me, and is so strong and deep-rooted in my make and constitution that I am sure I could not even see a vivisectioner vivisectioned with anything more than a sort of qualified satisfaction. I do not say I should not go and look on; I only mean that I should almost surely fail to get out of it the degree of contentment which it ought, of course to be expected to furnish.

I have tried to understand why it should be considered a kind of credit and a handsome thing to belong to a human race that has vivisectioners in it. And I have also tried to imagine

what would become of the race if it had to be saved by my practicing vivisection on the French plan. Let me quote:

"Vivisectioners possess a drug called curare, which, given to an animal, effectually prevents any struggle or cry. A horrible feature of curare is that it has no anæsthetic effect, but, on the contrary, it intensifies the sensibility to pain. The animal is perfectly conscious, suffers doubly and is able to make no sign."

"I am not desirous of shocking you by reciting the atrocities of vivisection, but since the apologists try to deceive the public by vague statements that vivisectioners would not, and do not, perpetrate cruelty, I wish to say sufficient to disprove their assertions."

"Professor Brucke says ('Lectures on Physiology,' vol. 2, page 76): 'The first sign that the trigeminal is divided is a loud, piercing shriek from the animal. Rabbits, we know, are not very sensitive, but in this operation they invariably send forth a prolonged shriek.'"

I could quote still more shameful vivisection records from this paper, but I lack the stomach for it.

Very truly yours,

MARK TWAIN.

THE Boxers are troublesome in China. When our boxers in New York State got obstreperous, we repealed our Horton law. What China seems to need is a Horton law which may be repealed.

When Ammunition Was Short.

SERGEANT FINNEGAN (*on the skirmish line*): Stiddy, me byes; sure they be too far off yit; but when they get furninst the bushes there, thry a few blank cartridges at 'em until yees git the range.

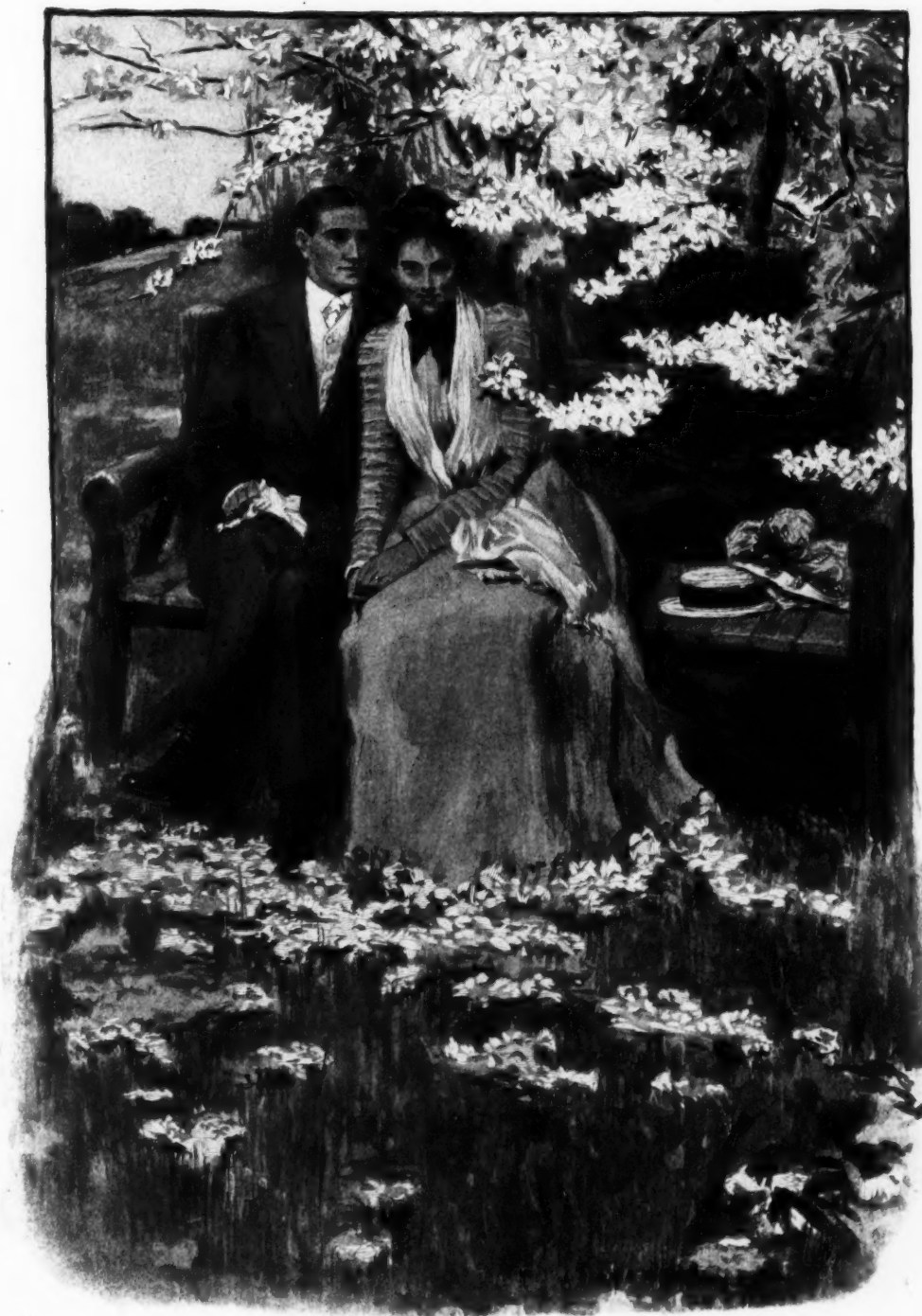
THE most effectual argument against war nowadays is its enormous expense. It very seldom pays even for the winner. We are getting our lesson about that in the Philippines, and the British are getting theirs—a much more drastic one—in South Africa. We are so prone to impute inconvenient things to Destiny nowadays, that perhaps it is fair to suspect Destiny of having a hand in the precipitation of the Indian famine at the time when the immense needs of India must inevitably be contrasted with the enormous British expenditures in South Africa. Of course we lament that there is a famine; of course we lament that it came simultaneously with a costly British war; but the coincidence unquestionably emphasizes the inexpediency of war, and must embarrass those enthusiasts who affect to regard war in general as a school of virtue and worth its cost.

A Misguided Monarch.

ONCE upon a time there was a king who was marvelously wise, and knew it. Therefore, he communed thus with himself one day, when he felt particularly Solomonian: "It's a shame that all my wisdom should go to waste; besides, my fame as the knowingest thing ever perched on a throne isn't as great as my distinguished deserts merit. I wonder if there isn't some way to make the Sunday newspapers make a scare-head article of me. By crickey, I have it! I'll do the ancient fairy-tale act, and offer my daughter and half my kingdom to anyone asking me three questions I can't answer; unsuccessful applicants to be treated as usual."

Now the princess was wondrous fair, and the kingdom was so preposterously prosperous it hadn't even a national debt; so every prince who read the papers flocked to the contest, and the





BETTER LATE THAN NEVER.

"I HOPE THIS PROPOSAL OF MINE HASN'T TAKEN YOU COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, DEAREST."

"WELL, YES, IT HAS. I LONG AGO ABANDONED ALL IDEA OF IT."



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TO BACHELORS WHO WHO
THERE ARE SOME ADVANTAGES IN BACHELOR



RS WHO AVOID COMPETITION.
ANTAKES IN THEIR VACATION EARLY IN THE SEASON.



A Semi-Professional Amateur Entertainment.

THOSE sportive youths with wreaths and fillets, who call themselves "The Strollers," are wise in their generation. They know enough to play upon two foibles of New York human nature to secure the means for indulging in their favorite pastime of dressing up in fantastic garments and appearing before the public. They appeal first to those people who are willing to cast their bread upon the waters in the sacred cause of charity, provided said bread is returned to them immediately in the form of tickets to some kind of a show. But "The Strollers'" strongest card is an appeal to feminine vanity. On their programmes they print a list of "patronesses" comprising the names of women in the city directories of New York, Brooklyn and Hoboken. The women, whose names are to appear in this exclusive list, are immediately seized with a mad passion to buy tickets in aid of the sacred cause of charity, and the gold brick becomes effective. All this does no one any great harm, and shows that "The Strollers" are clever in more ways than one.

The devices employed give this organization a large command of money to carry out its entertainments, so much, in fact, that the performances are practically taken out of amateurdom and challenge criticism on the professional basis. Their most recent production is entitled "Phyllis," and the score is the work of Mr. Richard Henry Warren, himself a professional musician. Worse things technically have succeeded on the regular stage, and in several numbers the composition shows some originality. In the main, however, it is too conventional to make much impression. Two well-trained voices—those of Mr. Mackenzie Gordon and Miss Martha Miner—were employed in interpreting Mr. Warren's music, and did it full justice.

As an entirety the rendering of the operetta was creditable from the amateur point of view, but amateurish if judged by professional standards. It was far better sung than acted. The young men and women in the cast showed the usual unfamiliarity with their hands, feet, knees and elbows, but their voices showed to good effect in the singing, especially in the choruses, which were given with professional volume and more than professional energy.

"Phyllis" is pleasant musically, but as a theatrical attraction will not be ravenously sought by professional managers. It is sincerely to be hoped that the charities will be largely benefited, and that the ladies whose names appear in the select list of patronesses will not, on that account, be puffed up with social pride and refuse further acquaintance with their former friends and neighbors.

IT is estimated that Mr. J. M. Barrie's royalties on the dramatic rights to "The Little Minister" amount to something like one hundred thousand dollars. Such rewards, one might naturally suppose, would turn ambitious youth towards making a study of stage-writing as a profession. Certain it is that no branch of literature is more sadly in need of improvement, both in loftiness of ideals and grace of treatment. The main trouble is that the stage's present environment is such that the student finds no encouragement or opportunity to learn the

technical requirements of the dramatist's art. And with the Syndicate as a fostering angel, the whole tendency is yet further downwards.

Metcalfe.

LIFE'S BULLETIN OF THE THEATRES.

The American.—This week devoted to "Mignon" and "Tannhauser."

Academy of Music.—The pastoral simplicity of "Way Down East" has given way to lurid and elementary melodrama, with the seductive title, "Woman and Wine."

Fifth Avenue.—Given over to the vaudevillians.

Daly's.—"A Runaway Girl" belies her title by staying prosperously in one place.

Wallack's.—"Sapho" continues in her wicked career and rejoices nightly over the yellow journals.

The New York.—The early Christians are roasted nightly by the cruel Nero, and "Quo Vadis" loses none of its spectacular brilliancy.

Garrick.—Mr. Gillette is still Sherlocking with unabated vigor and craft. *Garden*.—"Hearts Are Trumps" only to the end of this week.

Empire.—"Lady Algy" has contracted the cigarette habit, and, although "Lord Algy" has been intoxicated every evening for several weeks, he shows no symptoms of delirium tremens.

Knickbocker.—"The Bostonians" "Serenade" tunefully and merrily every evening.

Criterion.—Pride comes before the fall, but "The Pride of Jennico" seems likely to run right up to the Fall.

The Casino.—Medley of music and fun—both light weight—called "The Casino Girl." Not a good place to be in case of fire.



"IS ISENSTEIN AND ROSENBAUM IN THIS BUILDING?"
"GO ON WID YEZ. NO—THIS IS A FOIRE-PROOF BUILDIN'."



STALKING BIG GAME.

The Monk: ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ME?



AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

WHICH is the meanest city in the United States?

This is an important question, and one that LIFE would like to have definitely settled. With that object in view, we offer

A Prize of Fifty Dollars in Gold

for the best statement of facts which prove that any particular city is the meanest one in this country.

Conditions.

Competitors must limit their arguments to three hundred words each.

Write on one side of the paper only.

The contest will close June 1st, 1900, and the award will be made as soon thereafter as the respective merits of the arguments can be determined.

The winning argument will be printed, together with such others as may seem to LIFE worthy of that distinguished honor.

Names and addresses of the writers should accompany all manuscripts. In no case will these be printed without the permission of the sender. Those who desire their manuscripts returned should enclose a stamped and addressed return envelope.

Each manuscript may bear a pseudonym, which will be printed with the argument.

The Editors of LIFE are to be the sole judges of the merits of the arguments.

MINNEAPOLIS.

Minneapolis is situated on the Mississippi twenty years behind St. Paul; the latter being the head of navigation, the former is the hat, but the hat is all rim. That is about what this apology for a city is.

It has one street; everything else is an avenue like those in a cemetery.

Prosperity is killing it. It has one industry, the manufacture of breakfast food.

The main street, or rather avenue of the town,

is occupied by saloons, quick lunches, two dry goods stores and a pawn shop, the largest store of its kind in the world, covering three blocks, which gives the acute peruser of these lines some idea of the prosperous condition of the inhabitants.

One day last week, the first stranger seen in the town for four years tipped it off to the proprietor of the inn that he had three dollars and sixty-eight cents to spend, and shortly after he was seen sprinting towards the river, chased by all the shopkeepers in their mad rush to get his money.

There are no banks except on the river.

Some enterprising man has started a stage line to the Falls of Minnehaha, so that people can see something active once a week, and on each trip is the wit who remarks, "The laugh is on us!"

The population is composed of Norwegians, Swedes, Scandinavians, Indians, and Waiters. No American was ever seen there.

The only thing open in the town is the river, and that runs wide.

One may cross an avenue by braving the dust, smoke and other elements which go towards making it the cleanest city in the country, not even excepting Butte, Montana.

The equipment of the street railroad may be said to be an improvement over the three-rail system in use in other cities, Minneapolis having the one-rail system, so that when cars meet the passengers change, the power is reversed, and the cars complete their journey. This gives more room in the avenues for the raising of No. One hard wheat.

Subway.

A Modern Diagnosis.

"SKINNER got a bill the other day for his wife's automobile drives, and he's been laid up ever since."

"What's the matter?"

"The doctor says he is suffering from an overcharge of electricity."



THE LAST WORDS OF THE LETTER.

"So good-bye, and may your shadow never grow less."

Legal Tender.

FOR books and flowers and
sweetmeats,
And for services I render,
My Nancy pays the bills with
smiles—
Sweet smiles, and, ah, so
tender.

Now some there are who, on
such terms,
Would ridicule the lender;
But I care not, for Nancy's
smiles
With me are "legal tender."
Roberts Andrews.

A Spoilsport.

MRS. STRUGGLES: John, I must
have a new dress.

MR. STRUGGLES: All right, my dear.
How much will you want?

"What? I can have
it?"

"Why, certainly."

"Now, isn't that just
like you, John Struggles!
You're just as mean and
provoking as you can be
sometimes."

"Why, my dear, I don't
understand. What under
the sun have I done
now?"

"Why, don't you know
that half the fun of get-
ting a new dress is the
triumph of having won
it against your objec-
tions?"

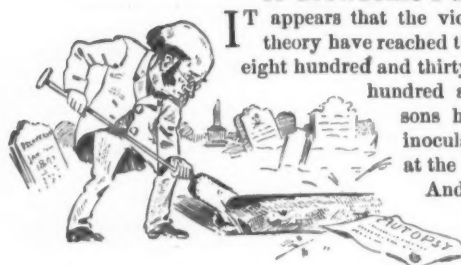
Alex. Ricketts.



Mark Hanna: DOES LITTLE TEDDY WANT TO GET UP AND RIDE BEHIND WILLIE?

Teddy: NOT ON YOUR STRENUOUS LIFE! TEDDY THINKS HE WANTS TO RIDE IN FRONT OR NOWHERE.

A Growsome Fad.



IT appears that the victims to the Pasteur
theory have reached the handsome total of
eight hundred and thirty-three. That is, eight
hundred and thirty-three per-
sons have died after being
inoculated with hydrophobia
at the Pasteur Institute.

And yet the general enthu-
siasm over this clever
discovery suffers no
abatement. But the

discovery is not half so clever as those who work it. The
general scheme is this: All persons bitten are counted as
doomed; all who survive are counted as "cured." Hence the
"good showing."

When one considers the proportion of people who ordinarily
die of hydrophobia after being bitten by an angry or excited
dog—about one in twenty millions—these eight hundred and
thirty-three deaths offer food for thought.

Hydrophobia, pure and simple, has never been popular.
Now that it can be acquired by inoculation, however, there
seems to be an eager demand.

"ALABAMA" means "Here we Rest." So does "Phila-
delphia."

Charity.

IF you ever find a quarter in your "pants,"
And you want to give your charity a chance,
Do not help a wooden legger, or an organ-grinding
beggar,
Get your money's worth and help some "dandy"
prance.

Any man can help the needy close at hand,
Vulgar bread and cast-off clothing they will stand
Get your name put in the paper helping Dewey,
that's the caper,
Or some other man with money, fame and land.

'Tisn't much to keep some lowly one from starving,
Help a widow or an orphan, though deserving—
Give to those with wealth and fame, friends and
money, mighty name.
God and man to smooth their rosy paths seem
striving.

Then a list of what you give is surely printed;
No' a doubt but you are generous, is hinted;
Help the prosperous when you may, more than likely
it will pay.
God alone will know you help the poor and stinted.
Enoch Hawkins.

• HOW THOSE ... CLOTHES ... MUST ... NEEDS ... BE ... DOFFED



LITTLE LAUNCELOT AND HIS NEW SPRING SUIT.

The News of the Day.

YELLOW EDITOR: At four o'clock, get out an extra announcing that the rumor in our regular edition is confirmed.

MENIAL: Yes, sir.

"Unless, perchance, the rumor should really be confirmed in the meanwhile."

A Challenge and an Apology.

BLOODVILLE, BLUE GRASS Co., Ky.,
April 27.

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE:

SIR! Your unmanly and pusillanimous fling at a female member of my family is thoroughly characteristic of your vile sheet. A journal which can see nothing courageous and statesmanlike in our noble President, which cavils at the wise utterances of the silver-tongued Bryan, which refuses to commend the British for their brave and self-sacrificing efforts to carry British

civilization and British trade into the territory of the cowardly Boers, and which refuses to recognize the ambition of the Theatrical Syndicate to elevate the stage, is quite competent to attack the good name of a woman who happens to be dead and, therefore, helpless. But as her descendant I hereby challenge you to come to Kentucky and meet me on the field of honor. Failing your acceptance of this invitation, I shall post you as a liar and coward.

Yours very truly,
(COL.) BOURBON GORE.

P. S.—I refer to the statement on page 357 of your issue of April 26: "The first of the weak—Eve."

LIFE is not afraid to accept Colonel Gore's courteous invitation to meet him on the field of honor, but confesses to a slight timidity about setting foot in the rifle-ruled State of Kentucky. Sooner than take the risk, LIFE will apologize for its innocent jest about the Colonel's

female relative, and assures the Colonel that it holds the good name of that lady in high esteem, notwithstanding the fact that her early *faux pas* has caused the entire human race a considerable amount of vexation and labor. With respect of his other assertions, LIFE assures the Colonel that he wrongs us. We hold that President McKinley is a most accomplished politician, that Colonel Bryan is a most vigorous and untiring elocutionist, that the British are doing everything in their power to cover the land of the Boers with the blessings of British altruism, and that the Theatrical Syndicate is elevating the stage so thoroughly that dramatic art will soon become invisible. We tender to Colonel Gore the assurances of our most esteemed consideration.



NOT HIS TAILOR'S FAULT.
His trousers' legs, as here you see,
Are never built amiss: I
But when he draws the garment on
They always look like this: (.)

— *Chicago Tribune.*

AN artist, recently returned from abroad, relates a good story concerning the German artist, Adolf Menzel. Menzel is a great favorite, and his vagaries afford endless amusement to the Berlin art fraternity.

It seems that Menzel was engaged on a mural decoration. He had rigged up a scaffolding in his studio, on which his model was requested to stand. For two long hours the poor "poseur" stood up aloft in a most fatiguing posture. Menzel, in the meantime, worked at his sketch, heedless of the fact that his model was growing tired.

At length the model found it necessary to speak

"Herr professor," said he, "how about a recess?"

Menzel apologized profusely for his forgetfulness.

"Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," said he. "Come down and rest yourself a bit."

The model had clambered from the scaffolding to the ladder, which led down from it to the studio floor.

"Stop!" cried the artist, suddenly. "That pose is fine! Don't move a muscle!"

And once more the model was forced into strained rigidity, while the enthusiastic draughtsman set about sketching him.

At the end of half an hour Menzel looked up from his work.

"There," said he, "that will do nicely! Get back on the scaffold. We have had our rest. Let us get back to work again." — *Youth's Companion.*

"SAY," said the man with the worried look, "do you remember giving me a lot of advice on how to conduct my love affairs about two months ago?"

"Yes," replied the man with the wise expression.

"Told me if I wanted to win the girl I should make love to her mother!"

"Uh—huh."

"Said if I could get the old lady on my side, all I had to do was to toddle around with a ring and say 'When?' to the girl."

The wise man nodded.

"Said for me to compliment the mother on her youthful appearance," continued the worried man, "and give her a jolly about how sad it was that the young ladies of the present were not to be compared with those of the past?"

"Yes. Yes. You won the girl, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did—not. The old lady has sued her husband for divorce, and me for breach of promise."

— *Baltimore American.*

MRS. JONES: And pray, Mr. Jones, what is the matter now?

JONES: I was only wondering, my dear, where you might have bought this fish.

"At the fishmonger's. Where do you suppose I bought it?"

"Well, I thought that, perhaps, there might have been a remnant sale at the Royal Aquarium." — *Punch.*

WHEN Nat Goodwin brought out "Nathan Hale" in Philadelphia, Hoyt was there. On the way to the theatre he met a friend who had just come over from New York and invited him to go to the play with him.

"What's the attraction?" queried the friend.

"Nat Goodwin in 'Nathan Hale,'" said the playwright. "I'm very sorry," said the friend, "but you'll have to count me out."

"What's the matter?" asked Hoyt, in surprise.

"Well, to be frank with you, I don't like Nat Goodwin in anything. I hate him personally and can't enjoy him as an actor, and as far as I am concerned I wouldn't mind seeing him dead."

"Then this is your play," slyly added Mr. Hoyt in that peculiar Yankee dialect of his. "You don't want to miss it. They hang him in the last act." — *News Letter.*

A COLORADO millionaire—extremely millionaire—one who is getting up an art gallery, went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac. He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—"symphonies" in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green.

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What!"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "Good morning." — *Saturday Evening Post.*

"It makes me shudder," said the Filipino, who, having nothing else to do, was leisurely retreating, "to read about these fights in Kentucky."

"Yes," replied his companion; "and these lynchings in Texas."

"And these garrottings in Porto Rico."

"And these attempted assassinations in Europe."

"And other disturbances too numerous to mention. Brother, I sometimes fear that we do not appreciate the benefits of our lot. Truly, this condition called 'peace' must be a fearful thing." — *Washington Star.*

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RETURNED FIGHTER: And as I was being carried away in the ammunition wagon I—

LISTENER: Don't you mean the ambulance wagon?
"No, sir; I was so full of bullets they put me in the ammunition wagon."—*Chicago News.*

"WHAT," said one cynic, "is fame?"
"Fame," answered the other, "is what makes you valuable to some book publisher after you're dead."
—*Washington Star.*

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"DEATH," he cried in a loud voice, "before dishonor!"
Other citizens of Chicago stood aghast.
"How lacking in public spirit!" they exclaimed, shuddering.
For this was the year of the census, and death was not a thing to be thus lightly spoken of.—*Detroit Journal.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

All the attractions of hotel life, with the comforts and privacy of home.

"I LIKE you very much, Mr. Ardup," the young heiress said, "but I cannot marry you."
"I will be equally frank, Miss Bullion," he rejoined, picking up his hat. "I don't like you at all, but I would marry you in a minute. I am more self-sacrificing than you are. Good evening."—*Chicago Tribune.*

No foreign substance enters into Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne. It's the pure juice of the grapes naturally fermented.

"DID you mean to say dat you done giv me de mitten 'case I dresses too neat an' han'some?" asked Mr. Erasmus Pinkley.

"Dat's whut I mean ter say," answered Miss Miami Brown. "I likes to look at dem good clo'es. But I isn't gwinter take no contract ter he'p buy 'em foh de res' er my life."—*Washington Star.*

SPECIAL NOTICE

We earnestly request our subscribers to give us a full week's notice of any intended change in their address. Notice of change should reach us by Thursday to affect the issue of the following week.

Under an act of Congress, paper mail will not be forwarded to a new address, no matter whether instructions are sent to the local post office or not, unless addressee also sends stamps to that office to prepay cost of re-mailing.

Letters are forwarded without any trouble, but papers must be paid for a second time if they are to be forwarded.

Please give old address as well as new.

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY.

"No," said the judge, firmly, "I will not consent to your marriage with my daughter."

"Sir," returned the young lawyer haughtily, "I shall not take this decision as final."

"You won't?"

"No, sir, I will not. I shall appeal to the court of last resort."

"Oh, very well," replied the judge. "Submit your case to her mother, if you want to."—*Chicago Post.*

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A NOTE FROM DUBLIN.

Wednesday, April 4th.

Mother: PAT, DARLING! WHAT IS IT?

Pat: BOO-HOO! A GWEAT BIG MAN GOT IN FRONT AND WE never saw a single Queen!—Moonshine.

HAVE YOU TRIED KREMETTE

All lovers of good living will find in this article a delicious and palatable addition to their dinner or evening entertainment. A little "Kremette," added to a punch-glass of vanilla ice cream, will give you the successor to the Roman Punch. If you want something distinctly new, serve your guests with "Kremette Punch."

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Sporting Number.

LIFE proposes to publish about June 1st, in his usual thorough and artistic manner, a special issue given over to sports and pastimes, suitable for the summer vacation. Although the size will be increased to twenty-eight or more pages, it will be sold at the regular price.

In addition to the regular departments, it will be filled with articles and sketches about Golfing, Horses, Bicycling, Yachting and the like.

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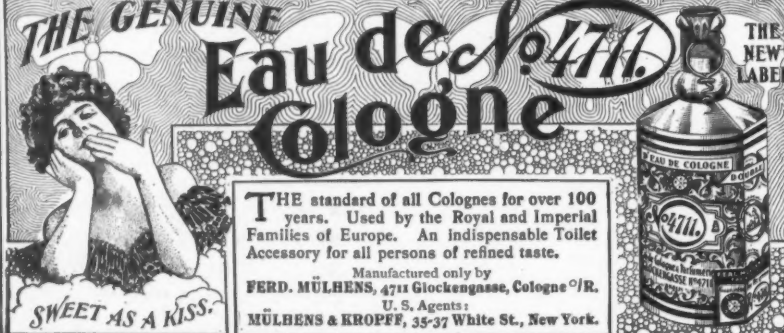
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— Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

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